The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1910.

THE REFERENDUM.

The proposal of the prohibitionists to persuade the Legislature, if they can, to pass a general referendum "enabling" act is the sanest, calmest, most rational and intelligent suggestion that has emanated from them yet. Entirely apart from the merits or demerits of their program, that is manifestly the proper way to approach this very important matter. For one thing, it will give the Legislature the chance to say how many petitioners shall be required for the granting of a referendum, and thus save the State the humiliation of seeing this vital point settled off-hand by some official of the Anti-Saloon League.

But the need for legislative formalities here goes much further back than this. It has never been at all clear why it should be taken as a matter of course that a popular vote would be granted any time that the Anti-Saloon League asked for it. The referendum has no standing in Virginia. It is not a practice or principle of the Democratic party. No authorization of it appears in the Bill of Rights or the Constitution. It is not a "right" of anybody's. On the contrary, our organic law makes it as plain as possible that ours is a strictly representative government, and it no more contemplates the Legislature's abdication of its duties on demand of a minority of the voters than it contemplates the exercise of the initiative or the recall.

We elect and employ here in Virginia a body of legislators to make our laws for us, on the theory that they are capable and competent to do this. If we doubt the capability and competency of these legislators, we have a perfect right to do away with them altogether and establish a plebiscite; or to do away with them temporarily, as affecting any particular piece of legislation, and establish the right of referendum. The first is not proposed; but even the second involves a very serious and definite change in our government ideals. It must be brought about with due dignity and ceremony. To make the grand change from representative to popular government casually, "on demand" of a special organization bent upon securing a special end, would be about as indecorous and inappropriate as anything well could be.

If Virginia Democrats desire to borrow from Kansas and Oklahoma the novel and ingenious referendum, and incorporate it among their principles, they have, of course, a perfect right to do so. But it is very well indeed that they should know exactly what they are doing, and should accomplish the transfer with the formalities due to so radical a step.

STARTING FOOTBALL REFORM.

Representatives of forty-five colleges met in New York the other day in the annual convention of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Their main topic, of course, was football, and the result of their deliberations was a resolution calling on the rules committee of the association to reduce the risks of the game to a minimum, while retaining "as far as may be possible, the most desirable and wholesome features." The rules committee is a good one, and will, no doubt, address itself to this task with sincerity and vigor. How far it can combine the two general orders laid upon it, how far it is possible for anybody to combine them, remains to be seen.

Some of the biggest colleges in the East were not represented in this conference. Harvard was represented but declined to be bound by rules not to her liking. Unanimity is thus spoiled in the beginning, even to the extent that the sharps on the committee can naturally be expected to go. However, the resolution under which the committee acts is a strong and good one. Let us wait and see what sort of debrutalized game they give us. Meantime, seventeen colleges which belong to the Intercollegiate Athletic Association think American football is doomed and are all ready for "soccer." Nine more colleges will hold out for very radical reform, or will give up the game. The responsibility upon the rules committee is very great. We suppose that generally through the country the game, as they remake it will be given another trial next fall. If it rolls up any such death-roll as this year, the result is likely to be a popular uprising which even the most complacent college president will find too strong for him.

THE COST OF CRIME.

Ten thousand murders occur every year in the United States. Only two murderers in the hundred are punished in any way. Chicago has eight times as many homicides as London. Georgia has as many as the British Empire. These are not encouraging facts with which to begin a year of promise, but they are vouched for by Henry C. Weir, writing in one of the current magazines.

Every aspect of our criminal situation is bad, relatively and absolutely. For instance, the dagger, the pistol, the sandbag and poison have killed as many men in the last three years in this country as British bullets laid low in the Boer War. Not only so, but the harvest of crime has steadily multiplied in the last twenty years, until it is four and a half times as great as it was in 1889. And withal there has been a paralyzing, depressing decrease in the number of convictions. As the matter stands to-day, for the two murderers whom we send to the death chair or the gallows, Germany sends ninety-five of the 100 accused. Other European countries are not far behind.

Far less menacing to the moral life of the nation, but equally alarming, is the cost of our crime. Mr. Weir estimates that the necessary maintenance of penal institutions and police, with the unrecovered value of stolen property, amounts to more than $3,000,000 a day for the entire country. In other words, crime costs as much as the annual wheat crop, the output of the coal mines and the wool-clipping aggregate.

How are the peaceable and peace-loving citizens of the nation to stop this fearful ravage? In casting about for the responsible persons, Mr. Weir puts the blame squarely upon the police. Where they remain merely the political sons of successful ward-heelers, he says, they cannot be expected to excel their present records of arresting more harmless drunkards than all other culprits combined. The removal of the police from politics is the first essential. That done, they may attend to duty.

There is much truth in this. Policemen cannot be guardians of the public safety and watchmen of politicians' security at the same time. But, of course, the police are only one factor in the situation. The activity of the unscrupulous lawyer and the inexcusable quibbles of the law do even more to invite crime and to let it go unpunished. What is there to deter the yeggman or what is there to encourage the policeman, when both are confident that a cunning attorney and a technical trial will defeat the ends of justice?

KNOWING SOME POETRY.

The esteemed Ohio State Journal thinks that "it is a great thing for a person to know, by heart, a few hymns and sentimental or patriotic songs." "There is," it says, with a very apt and nice use of words, "a sort of backing in these that gives enthusiasm and courage to a person's thoughts." "Backing" is just what a ready knowledge of noble poetry gives to the mind and spirit, a kind of shining body and brighter and more substantial being. There is many a line to be dug out of an old song which no one can ever say over thoughtfully without feeling the better for it. And this sort of inner inspiration is entirely lost to a mind whose shelves are empty or cluttered with barren rhythm like "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."

Very few people know any poetry. Examine any average company, as an audience at the theatre, and probably it will be found that not one person in twenty can recite a single stanza from any serious poem of recognized merit. Listen to any gathering singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," for example. The tum-te-tums begin at the third line and increase by geometrical progression till the second stanza is nothing else. The average man has got little or nothing of the fine thought of others stored away where he can use it at his pleasure. Yet an enormous amount can be gathered and laid by at very little trouble. A great deal of poetry can be learned by the simple method of keeping a book conveniently open at the getting up and retiring hours. Many of us have started this delectable habit, but allowed ourselves to be weaned away from it. Kept up for five years, it would bring the most overflowing results.

Poetry is the best thing to learn, because in the poets we find thought at fire-heat packed into language the most beautiful and compact. Half a dozen lightning words will rip open a whole dazzling new world. The hymns are nearly all good for their sentiments, but some of them are very bad poetry indeed. Any one however, who knows such hymns as Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" or "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest" will probably find many times when he is glad to find them in his mind. Much of the noblest poetry, like a great deal of Browning's, has an intensely spiritual quality. It is "hymns," too, in its way, and to carry it in one's head is to line the mind richly and fortify the soul. People's acts are the fruit of their thoughts; the sudden deed is the logical, inescapable result of long years of hidden mental processes; and it is certain that the mind which is full of noble and stirring thoughts is the less likely to prompt the hand and heart to what is mean or base. Such a mind is the pleasantest to carry around with one. It is the most inspiring and helpful. It is much more agreeable to have a mind capable at any time of singing away somebody else's immortal beauty and immortal truth than a mind which knows only rag-time and whose habit is to lie as empty and sterile as a broken drum-head.

PAID POLITICAL EDITORIALS.

The Byrd primary bill requires that paid political matter in newspapers be marked as paid advertisements and accompanied by the name of the person paying for them. This leads the Clifton Forge Review sarcastically to suggest that a description of the quality of the paper used should also be required, the name of the mill which made it, whether the type was set by hand or machine, etc. Seriously, says the amiable Review, it will not "help matters in any way for the public to be informed as to the authorship of the political articles that appear from time to time in the newspapers."

We are compelled to differ with our contemporary. We think that it will help matters very much for the public to know, not so much whether Jones or Smith wrote the article in point, as whether Jones or the editor wrote it. There is the great question. An article appearing in the editorial columns of a newspaper without credit or other designation is assumed as a matter of course to be by the editor. His views, sympathies, crotchets, affiliations, are all well understood, and his article is read and interpreted in the light of them. But when this article is really written by another man for an ulterior purpose, and inserted for hire, the readers of the paper are utterly deceived. They are led to believe that they are getting the editor's disinterested opinion, when all the time they are getting somebody else's interested opinion. The editor has put on the counter something that should never be for sale, and sold his readers out for a price.

To know the name of the advertiser who is putting up money to circulate certain opinions would always be interesting and sometimes instructive. But if to require the printing of these names would reduce the advertising and so work a hardship on the weekly press, The Times-Dispatch would not insist upon the individual name. That the authorship of political editorial matter should be made plain, however, to the extent of whether it is paid or unpaid is of the utmost importance, and this provision should by all means be included in the primary law.

"Vardaman seems a safe bet," declares the Nashville Tennessean. We didn't know Vardaman was a safe anything.

Now that we have thoroughly sampled the New York kind of weather for a week or so, we beg to ask the weather once more to begin putting over the celebrated Richmond brand, which we infinitely prefer.

During the early weeks of the new year we shall devote a good deal of time to persuading the bill collector to adopt a Halley's comet course.

There's plenty of room at the top, Mercury.

Mr. Wickersham is a distinct success in his efforts to permit the Tobacco Trust to see itself as others see it.

The frailest good resolution ought to last till noon anyway.

Carnegie is in luck. We know men who can slip on the ice and bang their knees till they go crazy, and niver a single line about them in the newspapers.

Welcome to our little home, 1910.

Poet Watson is turning out a grade of silence that compares very favorably with the Dr. Cook article.

The Richmond water-wagon left Tenth and Main Streets very early this morning with a full load. Don't misunderstand us. Of course, we mean that the water-wagon was full.

Very few Santa Clauses were burned up this Christmas, which leaves the more to be gathered in by the safe and sane Fourth.

One of the best remarks in history is Diaz's hint to Zelaya to shut up.

VALUE OF COOK'S PICTURE.

Man Who Bought It for Two Cents May Have Bargain.

The Minneapolis man who purchased at a church auction Thursday night a signed photograph of Dr. Cook, the famous Arctic inventor, for 2 cents got a good bargain. An autographed likeness of Cook in 1909, is worth a great deal more than that. It is worth the retail price of the picture with an additional sum for the ingenious doctor's handwriting. In 1959, it may be worth $200 or $2,000, according to the supply of Cook autographs in the market. The low price at which the picture was sold indicates only the revulsion of feeling among people who have been cheering the inventor as a discoverer.

Collectors have paid fabulous sums for the original copies of Ireland's Shakespeare forgeries. Great impostors have their place in the world's history. What price would not be paid for an authenticated signature of Cagliostro, attached to his portrait? Who would not prize the Chatterton manuscripts? The Minneapolis church people were not far-sighted. They would willingly have bid spiritedly for a signed photograph of their minister, which will probably be valueless fifty years hence. They do not comprehend Dr. Cook. He is one of the most brilliantly successful men of his era.—New York Times.

The Old Year and the New.

Ring out, ye bells of nineteen-nine,
Farewell forevermore;
Thy day is spent; thy work is done
Amid life's din and roar.

We cling to thee, O passing year,
And would that we could stay
The march of Time, and taste again
The blessings of thy day.

To some the sweetest memories
Are mingled with the year,
Yet others bear the marks of pain—
Some hearts are sad and drear.

Pass on, oh year of nineteen-nine,
But with thy passing leave
The spring of hope for struggling souls,
A balm for those who grieve.

Ring in, ye bells of nineteen-ten,
And with thy coming bring
The breath of peace and love and hope;
Bells of the New Year, ring!

Thy book, untouched by Time's swift hand,
Has opened to our view;
Upon its spotless leaves we spread
Our resolutions new.

Come now in all thy purity,
Thy freshness calms the soul
And bids us on to nobler deeds,
And to a nobler goal.

Then ring, ye bells of nineteen-ten,
Thy music sweet and clear,
Bids one and all a prosperous
And joyful New Year.

—CORA TOMLINSON.

BULGARIANS LOVE QUEEN ELEANOR

Active in All Charitable and Philanthropic Enterprises.

POET WITHOUT DESCENDANT

Claims of Convicted Deserter Arrested in New York False.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

ALTHOUGH Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria is neither youthful nor beautiful—indeed, she is quite homely—yet she is rapidly winning the good will of the Bulgarians to a far greater extent than her husband has ever been able to acquire. He is passionately fond of pomp and feathers, fuss and ceremony, which his wife detests. The Bulgarians are also averse thereto, being of all the Balkan races the most simple, democratic and unaffected. What has appealed to them in Queen Eleanor more particularly is her activity in all charitable and philanthropic enterprises. Since her marriage, she has founded homes for the blind and for the deaf and dumb, not only at Sofia, but also at Philippopolis, has excited the interest of the Bulgarian ladies in the hospitals, which, following her example, they now visit regularly, and has organized a scheme of visiting nurses, who care for the poor in childbirth and in sickness in their own homes, without remuneration. Nothing touches the heart of a people so much as the care for their sick, especially when that care comes from the greatest in the land; and plain-featured Queen Eleanor is in a fair way to becoming idolized by the people of Bulgaria, a country in which she is continuing the work which she undertook as Princess of Reuss, out in Manchuria, during the war between Russia and Japan, when, in charge of the Red Cross Railroad Train Hospital, organized by Grand Duchess Vladimir, she brought comfort to the dying, and saved innumerable lives by her care and her tireless devotion to the wounded and sick.

Pretensions Without Foundation.

Since the Frederick Joseph von Schiller, convicted deserter from the United States army, who, arrested again last week in New York, in connection with an assault upon an elderly banker of the name of Cassius M. Wicker, declares himself to be a descendant of Germany's famous poet, and inasmuch as this assertion has received widespread publicity, it may be just as well to state, in most emphatic manner, that his pretensions are entirely without foundation. In fact, there is no living descendant of the poet in existence, and the only remaining link with the bard is old Baroness Mathilde von Schiller, the childless widow of Baron Frederick Ludwig von Schiller, who died as a major of the Austrian army in 1877.

There is only one person to-day who is entitled to style himself Baron von Schiller, namely, the thirty-two-year-old Baron Adolf Schiller von Herdern, an Austrian, who makes his home at Trient. The Schillers of Herdern are an old Tyrolese family, and have no connection whatsoever, even of the remotest character, with the poet. As there is no one else who is entitled to style himself Baron von Schiller, it naturally follows that the soi-disant Baron Frederick Joseph von Schiller, manager for a theatrical company, who received a sentence to three years' imprisonment on Governor's Island for desertion, has no more warrant to style himself baron than to describe himself as a descendant of the poet.

There used to be another family of Schiller of Freiburg-in-Breisgau, the nobility of which dated back to the fifteenth century. But the family has been extinct for near 200 years, and has no connection with that of the poet. The latter was the first of his own house to receive the rank of noble of the German Empire, in 1802. It was his son, Karl von Schiller, head forester of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, who was advanced to the rank of baron by the King of Wurtemberg in 1845, and he had but one son, the late Baron Frederick Louis von Schiller, who died childless, and whose widow still survives.

Friend of King Edward's Daughters.

Lady Lurgan's death robs the daughters of King Edward of one who has been their friend from early childhood. Her mother, the late Lady Cadogan, had been one of the most intimate members of the entourage of Queen Alexandra when the latter was still Princess of Wales, and the relations of the Queen and the countess were continued between their respective children. Lady Lurgan was very popular at Dublin during her father's viceroyalty, where she used to be known by the public as "the Princess Royal," while among her relatives, friends and acquaintances, she went by the name of "Tiny," on account of her diminutive size. With dark hair and eyes, a pale clear skin, and soft voice, quiet manner and always perfectly groomed, she was a very attractive little woman, somewhat exclusive and devoted to racing and hunting.

Curiously enough, Lord Lurgan, though he is devoted to racing, and known in the past on the turf as the owner of some famous race horses, including Acme and Cotillon, abhors riding, and is never seen on horseback under any circumstances. He is one of the best sporting shots in England, and was for some years the champion amateur billiard player. He is good looking, used to be celebrated for his dancing, for his taste in matters of dress and his powerful head of curly black hair, now turning gray. Moreover, he rejoices in the sobriquet of "Billy," and for more than a decade was the principal ornament of the viceregal court of Dublin as state steward. He traces his descent to John Brownlow, who emigrated from Lincolnshire to Ireland in the reign of James I., obtaining a grant of land from the crown in the County of Armagh. Charles Brownlow, who represented the County of Armagh in Parliament for nearly twenty years, was raised to the peerage as Lord Lurgan two years after the accession of Queen Victoria to the crown, and the present Lord Lurgan is his grandson.

Lady Lurgan died at the country place of her sister, Lady Sophie Scott, to whom she was greatly devoted, and much sympathy is felt for Lord Cadogan, who within so brief a time has been robbed by death of his popular wife, of his eldest son, Viscount Chelsea, and of his eldest daughter, Lady Lurgan.

Kitchener Not to Visit United States.

From London I hear that it is very doubtful whether Lord Kitchener will consent to take up the post of high commissioner of the Mediterranean, which he accepted under a misapprehension. It seems that he deeply resents the action of the War Department in recently vesting in other hands than his own the chieftainship of the imperial general staff, an office designed to serve as a bond of union between the colonial armies and those of the mother country, and which he understood he was to hold with the high commissionership.

There is no truth whatsoever in the story recently published, according to which Lord Kitchener is returning home to England via America. He has already booked his passage for England from Australia by way of the Suez Canal. Originally he intended coming home by way of Canada, and proposed to inspect and examine Canadian defenses and military resources; then to embark for England at New York. But on this becoming known, General W. D. Otter, who is the chief of the general staff of Canada, and a veteran of every bit of active service ever seen by Canadian troops, from the Fenian raid to the South African War, raised his voice against Lord Kitchener's visit, declaring that he was not wanted in Canada, where his military advice would be of little or no use, since it would not be based upon knowledge of the conditions of the country.

As the Canadian Dominion government failed to repudiate this speech, Lord Kitchener decided to modify his arrangements, and to reconsider his declination of the invitation of the Australian federal government to visit that great dependency. He abandoned his project of visiting Canada, where he felt that he would not be welcome, has gone instead to Australia, where he is being received with the utmost enthusiasm by all classes of the population, and on leaving Australia will proceed directly to England via Egypt.

After what has taken place, it would be difficult for him to visit Canada, and it would merely render matters worse if he were to visit the United States while ignoring the Dominion. So that we are not likely to see him on this side of the water for some time to come, despite all reports to the contrary.

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Daily Querie[s]

Address all communications f[...] Dispatch. No mathematical proble[...] valued and no dealers' names will [...]

Heirs and a Disputed Will.

Please be so kind as to construe the meaning of this clause in a will: "Clause VI.—After the death of my wife, I will that all of my property, real and personal, money of whatever kind that is not given away or set apart above, to be equally divided between my brothers and sisters and the brothers and sisters of my wife. That is to say, one-half to her father's children and one-half to my father's children." What I want to know is, who are the proper legatees to this man's property? We are confused, because while he wrote "my brothers and sisters" and "my wife's brothers and sisters," he had only one brother and one sister living, and his wife had only one brother and one sister living. But in each case the men and women whom these sisters and brothers married claim that they should be included in the will. The testator had several brothers and sisters, who died prior to the time that he made his will. These left children, who think that they should inherit their fathers' and mothers' shares. The man who drew up the will says the testator intended to include all of his and his wife's brothers and sisters and their children.

INQUIRER.

Under the construction of wills, where the wording is in any way doubtful, the court always endeavors to discover what the testator intended to say. For this reason, our opinion might be very different from that of the judge arguing from the same facts. We do not think, under any circumstances, that the brothers and sisters-in-law of the legatee of his wife can properly be considered heirs. His brothers-in-law and his wife's brothers-in-law are not legally brothers, and as such do not come within the purview of his bequests to his "father's and to her father's children." If the man who aided him in drawing up the will will swear in court that testator intended giving a share of his property to the children of his own and his wife's deceased brothers and sisters, the court will probably decree that they should have a share. Under such an arrangement, the property should be divided into two equal parts, one to be shared by the living brothers and sisters of the testator, and one by the living brothers and sisters of the testator's wife. The children of the deceased brothers and sisters in either case would receive a share to be divided between themselves equal to the share given each living brother or sister. We would advise you to institute a friendly suit for the division of this property, otherwise a discontented legatee might upset the will.

Theological Schools.

How many theological schools are there in the United States, and ap-

1840-1910

[P]URCELL, LADD & CO. [G]O OUT OF BUSINESS

[Old]est Wholesale Drug House in the South Succeeded by the Next Oldest.

STORY OF GRAND OLD LANDMARK.

[Sev]enty Years of Activity—Weathered the Storms of War, and Phoenix-like, Rose from the Ashes of Richmond's Evacuation Disaster to Continue Business.

[To]day the old establishment of [Purcell,] Ladd & Company goes out [of exis]tence, the Powers-Taylor Drug [Com]pany having purchased the stock, [good w]ill and records of that concern [which] has been in business in Richmond [fo]r seventy years.

[...] back yonder in 1840, John [...] father of Col. John B. Purcell, [...] of the First National Bank, [...] brother, James P. Purcell and [...] Ladd, embarked in the wholesale [...] business in this city, and established a firm which in time became [a house]hold word all over Virginia [...] Carolinas. They first opened [...] at Fourteenth and Main [...] and continued to do a great [...] there for 19 years. In 1859 [...] moved to 13th and Main [...] where the Postal Telegraph now has its offices.

How the troublous war times the [...] was almost suspended, and [...] when the big building in [...]

The law [...] did business was [...] be paid $2 per [...] spent in the discharg[e] [...] remaining [...] sessors are paid by warrant [...] Auditor.

"Stamp Flirtation."

Will you please publish in your Query Column the language of stamps on envelopes? SUBSCRIBER.

This "stamp flirtation" has been printed so frequently that we cannot give it space again. It is now to be had on the back of post-cards, which can be procured at most any book dealer's.